

SEPTEMBER 2, 1934

GUEST, COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AMERICAN-BOSCH RADIO EXPLORER'S CLUB()-()
5:30 - 5:45 PMSEPTEMBER 2, 1934SUNDAY(SIGNATURE -- "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE"ACCORDION)OPENING ANNOUNCEMENT:Presenting -- the third meeting of the Radio
Explorers' Club!(ACCORDION CONTINUES TO END OF THEME -- THEN OUT)ANNOUNCER:

Come sail the seven seas with us!

(WIND AND SURF EFFECTS)

Explore the wild jungles of Africa!

(JUNGLE EFFECTS)

Visit the cannibal countries!

(TOM TOMS)

Circle the globe with the American-Bosch Round-the-
World Radio!

(STRONG GUST OF WIND -- REGISTER -- FADE)

CAPTAIN BARKER:

Ahoy there, boys and girls---and father and mother too..
 Captain Barker speaking....Once again I call to order the meeting of
 the American-Bosch Radio Explorer's Club.....There's plenty of thrill
 in our round the world adventures today. Signed on our schooner's
 papers is a man of world-wide renown -- none other than Colonel
 Theodore Roosevelt of the American Museum of Natural History!....He's
 going to take us adventuring away up in the mountains of Turkestan
 where the wild sheep roam and the oxygen is so scarce that a man can
 hardly breathe.

As for me been a master-mariner for more than thirty
 two years and I'd rather take a chance with a ^{man eating} shark any day (MORE)

than with wild sheep and wolves. Many years ago while drifting to the west'ard in the Pacific I had a terrible tussle with sharks---One morning an apprentice working aloft reported a number of turtle floating lightly on the surface off the starboard beam. Now our voyage had been a long one, we were getting tired of eating salt beef, and the prospect of fresh turtle steak whetted our appetites.

"Mr. Sinclair," I said to the second mate, "you may launch the lifeboat."

When the boat was manned and put in the water I took my place in the stern-sheets and ordered the men to row toward the nearest turtle which was floating about two hundred yards away. A keg of decomposed salt pork had been thrown overboard that very morning, but so far we had seen no signs of sharks. However, we had no sooner heaved turtle number one into the boat than seventeen dorsal fins appeared above the surface and began to cut circles round and round us.

We paid them no attention at all, and soon caught thirteen turtle....An unlucky number, eh? Well, let's see what happened.....

We were well on our way back to the ship when suddenly one of the turtle lying in the boat sank its teeth into the leg of an oarsman.

The fellow let out a yell and the blood spouted from his wound.

That started it!

"Sharked!-Sharks! someone roared. "Look out, they're comin' at us!" They had smelled blood! I just had time to pick up a boat-hook when they struck us. The boat was thrown almost on her beam ends. For a moment I feared it had been stove in. (MORE)

"Use your oars, men," I shouted. "Bring 'em down hard!" The sharks were all around us churning the water, leaping up at us, and snapping their teeth in terrible expectation. It was enough to turn a man's hair gray. For half an hour we struck at them with our oars, raining heavy blows on their snouts. Finally, thank heaven, we succeeded in driving them off and getting back to our ship.

As soon as we were safely aboard, we baited a heavy line with salt pork and hove it overboard. Not ten seconds later we hooked and landed one of the biggest sharks I have ever seen. It measured nearly eighteen feet from tail to snout. And what teeth! They were sharp as a razor.

The men dropped a running bowline over its tail and hauled it away for'ard. With wild yells they hacked it to bits and cut its heart out, believing that so deserving a deed would induce the Wind Gods to send us a fair wind. This is an old superstition among seamen, and this time, at any rate, it worked. At sunset, a faint catspaw of a breeze came out from the south'ard...and before eight bells of the first night watch the Dovenby Hall was bowling along with a bone in her teeth and a snore from her lee bow wave. (PAUSE)

But I suppose shark fishing is tame sport compared to the adventures of our guest explorer, Col. Theodore Roosevelt -- who will now be introduced to you by our friend from The American Museum of National History -- Hans Christian Adamson -----Mr. Adamson:

ADAMSON: Thank you, Captain Barker -- and hello fellow explorers. Last week we went with Dr. Roy Chapman Andrews into Mongolia. Today we climb to the Roof of Asia with Colonel Theodore Roosevelt. Where is the "Roof of Asia", Colonel, and what are we going to find when we get there?

ROOSEVELT:

Well, Hans -- the "Roof of Asia," as we call it is the top of the towering mountains of Turkestan. We scaled dangerous cliffs to shoot the Ovis Poli -- those rare and elusive mountain sheep that Marco Polo called "the father and mother" of all wild sheep.

ADAMSON:

Tell me, Colonel, how high up did you have to go?

ROOSEVELT:

Oh, we reached 19,000 feet, but our average altitude was only about 17,000. That's more than three miles up. We often had to gasp for air like fish out of water. At 17,000 feet, oxygen is so scarce that even ordinary walking makes the heart pound like a pneumatic pump -- At night, we would wake up struggling for air as if our lungs were about to burst.

ADAMSON:

Were you ever in any danger from prowling beasts -- such as bears and wolves?

ROOSEVELT:

The bears didn't bother us at all... As for the wolves, they readlly did us a favor.

ADAMSON:

A favor.....? What do you mean by that?

ROOSEVELT:

Simply this -- if it hadn't been for a pack of wolves, we'd never have recovered the two finest Ovis Poli horns in our whole collection.

ADAMSON:

That sounds like a story, Colonel.....

ROOSEVELT:

It is...We'd been scouting up hill and down dale for endless days without seeing a single Ovis Poli and were naturally much discouraged. Then, late one afternoon we caught sight of a flock of eight through our glasses....they were about a mile away--- And believe me, Hans, they were a sight worth seeing.. Thick wool covered their sturdy frames, and great horns swept in graceful curves from their heads. Six of them had average horns, but two enormous old rams wore sets that measured almost five feet from tip to tip.

ADAMSON:

Real prizes!.....Did they suspect your presence?

ROOSEVELT:

No, they didn't...If they had, they would have vanished like thistlo-down in a gale. Well, foot by foot we began working our way toward them and were just about to congratulate ourselves on a really phenomenal bit of luck, when Kermit pointed to a bank of black clouds in the sky.....A snow-storm was headed our way - and no mistake about it.

ADAMSON:

Your cue for a rapid exit, I should think.

ROOSEVELT:

It should have been but we got into action. The storm was coming fast, and though the Ovis Poli were fully 400 yards away, it was a case of shoot then or never -- don't forget they're quick as lightning.... and in a few seconds the snow storm would have wiped them entirely out of sight. Kermit and I took quick aim. We fired almost at the same time, and hoped we had bagged an Ovis Poli apiece. But all eight sheep
(MORE)

sprang up and dashed away. It looked as though we had missed our one chance...But a second later the flock .. not knowing where the danger lay turned and rushed directly toward us in a mad frenzy to escape.

ADAMSON:

Did they stampede in their excitement?

ROOSEVELT:

No....Oddly enough...they came in single file with the two great rams in the lead...And they came fast! We fired at the leaders...hit them, and saw them stagger. A wave of exultation swept over me..We had got them...But I was wrong!.....The two gallant bucks went on -- faltering and stumbling...but on!And just then the snow swept in and hid them before we could fire another shot.

ADAMSON:

That must have been a heart-breaking moment.

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Oh - it was a bitter moment. Remember, the first rule of a sportsman is to end the sufferings of a wounded animal. We had hit these beasts and, to give them the coup de grace, we stumbled after them through snow that often reached our arm-pits. But the stinging flakes of the blizzard now swirled around us and wiped out the trail; the best we could do was to grope our way back to our Yaks and return to Camp.

ADAMSON:

Then you lost them after all! But - say - what about the wolves that did you such a fine favor?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

I'm just coming to that. The blizzard raged all that day, but the next morning the sun shone brightly. The next morning, we set out to find the rams, although it looked like a hopeless job. For if they were wounded, they could hide behind anyone of a thousand rocks; if they were dead, their bodies would be covered by snow. We searched well into the afternoon, when one of our guides discovered seven wolves at the head of a small ravine.

ADAMSON:

Had they found the sheep?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Unfortunately for us they had and had ravished the carcasses so badly that the skins were ruined. But they had done us a favor anyway for we got a fine pair of Ovis Poli horns that we otherwise would have lost.

ADAMSON:

Well, fair trade is no robbery. But say---A minute ago you said something about Yaks. What is a Yak, and how do you use it outside of a crossword puzzle?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

(CHUCKLE) A Yak is a low-slung, long-haired, wide-horned animal that looks like a buffalo. It has no speed, but possesses a gait that carries it through deep snow and up steep slopes. The Yak pushes ahead like a tank wallowing through shell-holes.

ADAMSON:

I hope a Yak doesn't make as much noise as a tank!

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:
ROOSEVELT

Well, almost! As it plods along, the Yak puffs and pants - and grunts and snorts like a wrestler. Most of the time it's mouth is open and its long red tongue lolls from one side to the other. (MORE)

(ROOSEVELT CONTINUED)

I have seen tiny icicles form on the tips of a Yak's tongue time and again - but little things like icicles don't bother a Yak.

ADAMSON:

Are they good-natured or vicious?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Very placid, though once they gave me the biggest scare of the trip.

ADAMSON:

How was that ?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Oh - we entered a valley where a big herd of Yaks was browsing. The minute my Yak saw the herd it gave a series of husky bellows that sounded like an ocean liner groping its way through a fog. Other Yaks answered and presently it sounded as if a whole navy was fog-bounded in a single spot. It was terrible. At the same time, several hefty bulls came toward us - heads down and tails high. I felt uneasy, but only for a second; the old fellows were only saying hello! Instead of charging, they waltzed around us like huge, ungainly puppies. We certainly got a big laugh.

ADAMSON:

You didn't get many opportunities to laugh did you?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

You bet we did. One of the funniest things that happened was the time Kermit bagged a small mountain rabbit and lost it, although he insisted that he had put it in one of the baggy pockets of his coat. He searched all over. No rabbit. Ten days later it showed up. And,(MORE)

where do you think it was?

ADAMSON:

I've no idea!

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Right where Kermit said it was -- in his coat pocket, but squashed as flat as a pancake from being sat on.

ADAMSON:

Poor rabbit! --- Speaking of pockets, what about those deep pockets from which avalanches start? Did they furnish any thrills and trouble?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Yes, now and then they gave us a little of both.

Once we were hunting antelope in the Tien Shan mountains. I was trailing a wounded stag along a ledge that opened upon a deep chasm. It was bad going -- for most of the rocks underfoot were so rotten that they crumpled under my weight. To make things worse, I had to cross stretches of slide rock every so often.

ADAMSON:

Slide rock? What's that?

COLONEL
ROOSEVELT:

Oh -- formations of loose rocks and stone on sloping surfaces. They look harmless enough, although they are really deadly traps in which the unwary may slide into eternity! Once I was almost caught. I was creeping along a ledge when I felt the rocks slide from under me; they rippled around my feet -- a current of stones - slowly at first, then with more speed. Fortunately, the ledge was rather wide at that particular point, which gave me time to work my way across to an outcropping of firm rock that undoubtedly saved my life.

ADAMSON:

What a close shave that was, Colonel! But I know the scientific value of your expedition made risks and hardships minor considerations. Well it was indeed a great pleasure to have you here today and we hope you will find time to be with us soon again. --Thank you, Colonel Roosevelt. And now, Captain Barker, I will turn the microphone back to you.

BARKER:

By Gad, Mr. Adamson, that was thrilling adventure with Colonel Roosevelt!.....Where do we travel to next week?

ADAMSON:

To the jungles of central Africa with Martin Johnson, Captain.

BARKER:

Africa, eh?.....Martin Johnson!.....Excitement a-plenty, I can see....And I'll have a corking sea story to go with it, sir. But now I want to extend to every boy and girl listening a personal invitation to become a member of our club ---the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. By gad, if I were you I wouldn't wait for a further invitation. I'd join up right now. For I am jolly well certain you'll be delighted when you receive the membership certificate with your name on it, the official Radio Explorers Club Membership button and the authorized Radio Explorers Club Map of the World on which you can chart your own radioexplorations. I've asked Ben Grauer here to tell you how easily you can join, so I'll say clear sailing to you, until next Sunday afternoon.

ANNOUNCER:

To become an enrolled member of the American-Bosch Explorers Club this is all you need to do! Just send your name and address, with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American-Bosch, American B-O-S-C-H, Springfield, Mass. I repeat, to join the Radio Explorers Club just send your name and address, with the name and age of the radio set to which you are listening to American-Bosch, Springfield, Mass. Nothing could be simpler. And nothing could be simpler than the way you tune in Sydney, Australia...London, England.... Buenos Aires...Berlin.....radio programs from all over the world -- on the new 1935 American-Bosch Round-the-World Radios. Only one wave band at a time is visible on these all-wave radios, thanks to the Multi-Wave Selector, an exclusive American-Bosch development. If you're particular about comfort as well as style, Model 460R or 480R holds a genuine surprise for you, Right-Angle Tuning, another exclusive American-Bosch feature which enable you to tune the radio with equal comfort whether you're standing up or sitting down. See and hear these and all the other new, handsome American-Bosch 1935 Round-the-World Radios at your dealers during the coming week.

(SIGNATURE: "SAILOR'S HORNPIPE" - ACCORDION - FADE IN)

Be sure to tune in on next Sunday's meeting of the American-Bosch Radio Explorers Club. These programs are being presented under special arrangement with the American Museum of Natural History----(MORE)

Next week you will be taken on an expedition to the
jungles of Africa with the famous explorer Martin
Johnson who will be interviewed by Hans Christian
Adamson of the American Museum.

-(SIGNATURE TO CLOSE)

djs
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